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ἐνθα βουλαι μὲν γερόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἁμίλλαι  
καὶ χοροὶ καὶ Μοῖσα καὶ ἀγλαΐα.

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THE  
*Nassau Literary Magazine.*

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A COMPARISON OF THE GREEK AND NORSE  
MYTHOLOGIES.

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SECOND ESSAY, BY W. B. SCOTT, '77, N. J.

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The influence that the natural features of a country exercise upon the thoughts, feelings and characters of men, especially during the imaginative and poetic childhood of a nation, can scarcely be over-estimated. This same influence must also modify a nation's religious belief, which, except in the case of Judaism and Christianity, are only the childish interpretations of the phenomena of nature, and the child-like endeavors to find and come to their father-God. And before entering upon a comparison of the mythologies of Greece and Norseland it seems proper that we should examine their different surroundings. The Greeks, born in a sunny land where severe heat and cold are like unknown, amid natural scenery of a mild type of beauty, but wanting in grandeur, their native shores washed by the gentle summer sea, were moulded by these circumstances. They were brave; they loved and almost

idolized the beautiful in nature and art; they were learned, and cultivated; delighted in the pursuit of science and philosophy. But notwithstanding all this, they were "earthly, sensual, devilish." They were essentially selfish, fickle, and mercenary. In short, their intellectual nature was highly developed, their moral nature starved and smothered. On the other hand the Norseman was reared in a region whose scenery was magnificent, but stern and gloomy. His home was among the majestic snow-clad mountains; and his life was spent in dark recesses of the forest, in war, or in braving the fury of the Northern Ocean. As a result we find a race of unexampled valour, and moreover of great purity of life and morals. Their mythology was, like themselves, grand and stern. It was grander than any system of pagan religion ever known, because in it the Supreme God, Lord over all, is mentioned oftener and "stands out in bolder relief" than in any un-Christian belief. Like the Greeks, the Norsemen had no very clear conception of a supreme God. They had no very definite knowledge of any God outside of themselves and their personifications of nature. That simple, child-like, poetical people could not conceive of an abstract God, they must have some personal Deity: "Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars Hill and said: Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious; for as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription: TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." Comparing this with the language of the Elder Edda we can detect a close resemblance.

"Then comes another yet more mighty,  
But him I dare not venture to name."

This seems to contradict what is stated above but it does not. For though their ideas about Him were vague they held the firmest belief in his existence, eternity and omnipotence. The Norse Account of Creation. In the beginning, many ages before the creation of the earth, there existed two worlds sepa-

rated by Ginungagap or empty space. The one to the north was Niflheim, and the one to the south Muspelheim, or the worlds of mist and fire. From the former flowed rivers of venom which the cold congealed into ice. But the heat from Muspelheim melted the ice into drops and "*by the might of him who sent the heat*" these drops were quickened into life and took the shape of a man. In the same manner the cow Audhumbla was created to give nourishment to the giant. She licked the frozen rime from which at length came forth Bure the progenitor of the Gods. The divine brothers, Odin, Vili, and Ve slew the giant and from his body formed the world. His flesh made the earth, his blood the ocean, his bones the mountains, his skull the heavens, and his brains the clouds. In the above account by the expression "*him who sent the heat*" is evidently intended the Supreme God. He created Niflheim and Muspelheim and commanded the heat to produce the giant Ymer. This unknown God appears only before the creation, after the destruction of the world. He is eternal and omnipotent. He creates the minor gods and consigns the world to their care, and when they are destroyed in Ragnarok, he again assumes the guardianship of the world now regenerated and more lovely than before.

The Greek Account is different from this. According to the Hesiodic Theogony, the world was in the beginning a vast shapeless mass. How it existed or whence it came we are not told. Out of this chaos was made first the spirit of love, Eros, and then Gæa the earth; then Erebus and Nyx. From the union of these gods sprang Æther, Hemera, Uranos and Pontos. Then Eros or Love began agitating the earth and all things on it, bringing them together and making pairs of them. "It is a beautiful idea, that of love making order out of chaos, bringing opposing elements together and preparing a world to receive mankind."

Now on comparing these two accounts of the creation of the world, it becomes evident that the latter, or that of the

Greeks, is far inferior in sublimity to the former, or Norse version. It is less scientific. We are not informed whence the matter arose out of which chaos and finally the gods themselves were made. The idea here conveyed is that matter is self-existent and eternal, that God owes his being to it, and although immortal is not eternal. This tallies almost precisely with the atheistic theories of the present day. The Norse version declares distinctly that matter was *created* by the might of a supreme God, whose name the poet dares not mention; that this God is omniscient, omnipotent, self-existent, unchangeable, and eternal. In short the contrast between the Greek and the Norse is that between Christian and Anti-theistic accounts.

The Preservation of the World. It would require too much time and space to describe the Scandinavian deities and their attributes. As in all other systems of heathen mythology, the gods are the personification of the powers of nature. Our simple poetic ancestors were not satisfied with the idea of an abstract God, they must have some personal deity to whom they could come as "children to a father." So they personified the phenomena of nature. The derivation of the Greek word Zeus from the Sanskrit Dyans which means the Light, or the Glistening Æther, shows him to be but a development of the fire-worship of the East. The Norse Odin or Wuotan means Will. Their conception of him was "Will as a power which brought all things into being and preserves them in it, a will which followed man wherever he could go and from which there is no escape." Again the same author (G. W. Cox) says of the meaning of the word, that it "is in perfect analogy with the Latin Minerva as connected with *mens* and *μῆνος*, spirit or strength." It is the *Will* which formed the world out of chaos (the body of the Giant Ymer) and created man, as Odin himself is created; does it seem unreasonable to suppose that he is the personification of the will of the god whom the poet dares not mention, as well as being the more material conception of the personification of light or air?

In both mythologies there is the prevalent idea of the gods contending with the giants. This of course refers to the conflict of the good with the evil powers in nature. Having gained the victory over the powers of cold and darkness the gods devote their attention to watching over the affairs of their creation. By their might the world is defended and sustained and human affairs overruled and directed. At this point comes in the grand distinction between the Greek and Scandinavian religions. Before proceeding to its consideration, however, it seems better that we look for a short time at the different ideas in the two systems concerning the state of the human soul after death; since this topic naturally belongs to the period when the earth is the domain of the gods.

The Norsemen had a firm belief in the immortality of the soul, and also in a state of retribution beyond the grave. Bravery was a cardinal virtue among the Norsemen, and Odin was preëminently the god of war. The general idea seems to have been that heroes slain in battle were taken by Odin to Valhal and there kept until Ragnarok, or destruction of the world. Those who died a natural death were taken to the various abodes of the other gods. Wickedness was punished in a terrible place called Naastrand, where the lost waded in streams of gore and venom, and were tortured most horribly by dragons and demons. In the Greek mythology there is the same belief in the immortality of the soul, the reward of virtue and punishment of wickedness beyond the grave. But their ideas are not so grand as the Norse. It is true that the heroes in Valhal hack each other to pieces every day for pastime, but this seems only to be to exercise them for Ragnarok. However we must acknowledge that it is an extremely brutal and savage conception of the future state. But this one idea must not be viewed apart from all the rest, for *after* Ragnarok the state of the soul is conceived as being very nearly what our own ideas on the subject are.

Ragnarok, or the Twilight of the Gods. In the Greek myths the gods are represented as immortal. They will

always continue to live as they do now. There is no day of judgment, no final destruction and purification and regeneration of the Universe. This is not satisfactory. The present cannot be improved; all things will be as they have been throughout all time. The Scandinavian conception was widely different from this. Their belief was that after a certain number of years the gods are attacked by the evil powers of nature; they are destroyed and the world burned with fire. The Greek knew no death of the gods who were only the ideal conceptions of forms of life. He loved this life so dearly that he thought it must last forever. He thought the sinner would always continue to sin, and the world would nourish evil throughout all eternity. On the other hand the Norsemen believed in the perishableness of all created things. The very fact that in the beginning the gods proceeded from the giant Ymer or chaos foreshadowed their destruction. "That which is born must die."

After "the final dissolution of nature's and life's disharmony," what then? From the sea the earth arises covered with verdure and exquisitely lovely. In the heavens appears a hall called Gimle, which is elsewhere mentioned as the abode of the omnipotent and supreme God. This hall is thus described in the Edda: "It outshines the sun, of gold its roof; it stands in heaven; The virtuous there shall always dwell, and evermore delights enjoy." No warfare now, no heroes hacking each other to pieces, but deep calm joy, eternal peace and love. This regenerated earth is ruled over in person by God. "Judgments he utters. Strifes he appeases, Laws he ordains, To flourish forever." What a noble conception this is! Compare it with the following: "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth was passed away, and there was no sea. And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God and out of heaven prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold the tabernacle of



God is with men. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Having thus followed out very briefly and imperfectly the positions laid down at first, does it not seem that we have established the fact asserted at the very outset: viz. The Norse was grander than any other system of pagan religion ever known because in it the Supreme God is mentioned oftener and stands out in bolder relief than in any un-Christian belief.

I will close with a short quotation from Thomas Carlyle. "Untamed thought, great, giant-like, enormous; to be tamed in due time into the compact greatness not giant-like but god-like and stronger than gianthood, of the Shakespeares, the Goethes. Spiritually as well as bodily these men are our progenitors."

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### A REVERIE.

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The blithe breeze of morning,  
Thy pale cheek adorning  
With the blush which he bore from the slow dying dawn,  
Caught thy hair from him flying,  
In thy ear softly sighing:—  
"Can I ever forget thee, sweet child of the morn?"

He may kiss laughing fountains,  
Or embrace icy mountains,  
E'er he dies far away in the arms of the West:  
But the fond admiration,  
By love's inspiration  
Enkindled in thee, will ne'er fade from his breast.

Down deep azure abysses  
Through aerial prisms  
The sun shakes his still splendour athwart the wide earth:  
And the ocean-waves, dancing  
'Neath his laughter entrancing,  
Thrill his spirit with joy, fill his spirit with mirth.

But thy hair, golden gleaming,  
 On the wilful wind streaming.  
 Attracted the eye of the monarch of day;  
 And thy locks interweaving  
 With his beams gently cleaving  
 The soft summer air, he would with thee delay.

But, his journey eternal  
 O'er the sphered steep supernal  
 Compels him to leave thee in shadow at last;  
 And in vain shall the ocean  
 Strive to waken emotion  
 In his heart, for his time of rejoicing is past.

With her white tresses trailing,  
 The pale moon, vapour veiling  
 The chaotic caverns of darkness and night,  
 Saw thee lowly kneeling  
 Thy pure heart revealing  
 To thy maker,—and o'er thee an angel of light.

And the ocean's clear billows—  
 The chaste moonbeams' soft pillows—  
 Looked no purer to her than the heart within thee,  
 And the stars, which enwreath her  
 In the infinite ether,  
 Saw night's goddess sigh soft as she sank to the sea.

Then let angelic powers  
 Weave amaranth bowers  
 For thee whom all nature adores as her queen;  
 And from ether abysses  
 May life's sun shower kisses  
 On thy forehead through years unbegotten, unseen.

V. V.

### CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

The representatives of the legitimate drama have, of late years, lost from their ranks no more brilliant leader than Charlotte Cushman. Genius ever bears with it a demand for deep respect. The intellect which creates is the highest. But, undoubtedly, the next in order is that mind which penetrates

through the printed page far into the innermost shrine of a grand and creative imagination. Such an intellect was that of Charlotte Cushman. Those who saw her during her farewell engagement in New York will ever remember her as one with no superiors; and who, though past the age when youth gives inspiration, still retained all the vigor and elasticity of her early years and added to them the fruitage of a rich experience. She acted. While she never, for one moment, by word or deed dotted herself with her own personality, she regarded all her characters as life-realities. In Henry the Eighth, she was Queen Catherine and not Miss Cushman. In Guy Mannering she was Meg Merrilies, the *Queen* of the Gypsies, always queen, always one in entirety. Never was the fact of her own grandeur and dignity for one moment absent from her mind from the first entrance in wrinkles and rags, with nerves of brass and sinews of iron, the blue veins standing out upon the shrunken arm, the hair unkempt and flying, and the black eyes gleaming like lightning through a cloud-rift,—until that last, grand effort, in the arms of death, to crown with palsied hand the rightful heir of Elangowan. None who saw the flash of that eye, who heard the wild mockery and defiance in that voice, will ever forget the actress who knew as much of Meg Merrilies as ever did the great "Wizard of the North" himself. One might have read Guy Mannering before he saw that play; but it must have been to him a mere amusement. One might, indeed, have formed some dim idea of Gypsy scenes. But who can forget what it was as it stood out before him pictured to the life, with every man, woman and child in the theatre, both those in the auditorium and those behind the footlights, trembling under the magnetic influence of that one magic voice? Before that, our conceptions of the Gypsy character must have been faint, their haunts mysterious, their sense of right and wrong to us a myth, a nonentity. Now they are a living, imperishable reality. Charlotte Cushman had studied the Gypsy character until she was lost in it. But

down into those dark and weird chasms of human experience she never went alone. A whole audience, aye, even at times a whole community went with her; and the unveiled priestess shows them the fearful mysteries. She had made a realization for herself of Scott's fictitious creation until, without a single break in the story—from the first to the last—she became the real Gypsy queen, in the consciousness of her power over her followers, and in her high purpose to fulfil the ends of justice to which she consecrated the closing years of her wild life. The audience forgot Charlotte Cushman in her character, and that is the highest praise an artist can receive. There could be no grander evidence of the involuntary homage of culture to genius than one of those vast audiences, spell-bound under the real life before them, and coming there not for an hour's careless amusement, but to pay their tribute to majestic art and its most royal queen.

Again think of her for a moment in *Lady Macbeth*. Who that ever saw her in that character can forget her? The same wild and gleaming eye, the same unearthly fascination of voice is there as we saw in *Meg Merrilies*. But now it is somewhat changed. No longer a queen of Gypsies, she is queen of a nation; but there is a worm in the heart that gnaws away the very springs of life. There is no dignity of conscious rectitude here; but we see all the nervous effrontery of a racked and tortured soul. The bold assumption of innocence, that faints under the thought of the terrible crime just accomplished, is set before us with appalling truth. Did not the minds of those who witnessed the superb rendition of the sleep-walking scene by Mrs. Siddons a short time ago revert to the sublime realization of the older artist? How we saw, with the eye of our thought, that grand old face, wrung to agony by a torture more real to her than to us; and how we heard that terrible whisper still repeating "To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; what's done, cannot be undone: to bed, to bed!"

And the old, beloved face, and the old, entrancing voice are gone. Well, well; we are all as fleeting as the frost on a window pane, but the heart will throb sadly and the eye grow moist when we look back and see the empty places of those who were dear to all. However that may be, the name of Charlotte Cushman will ever be honored as the title of a queen in her profession, who sought to make the stage what it should be—a reflection of the deepest, purest, noblest creations of the imagination.

W. J. H.

### PRAYER DURING BATTLE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.)

Father, I call to Thee!  
Roaring envelops me, smoke of the battle,  
Darting around me the lightning's fierce rattle.  
Ruler of battles, I call to Thee!  
Father, O lead Thou me!

Father, O lead Thou me!  
Lead me in conquering, lead me in falling:  
All thy commandments, Lord, I am recalling;  
Lord, as Thou wilt, so lead Thou me!  
God, I acknowledge Thee!

God, I acknowledge Thee!  
As when the Autumn the rustling leaves driveth,  
So while the battle's wild thunder storm striveth,  
Fountain of mercy, acknowledge I Thee!  
Father, O bless Thou me!

Father, O bless Thou me!  
Into thy hands now my life I deliver:  
Thou mightest take it, for Thou art its giver;  
For life, or for death, O bless Thou me!  
Father, all praise to Thee!

Father, all praise to Thee!  
'Tis now no contest for wordly possession:  
Sword in hand, guard we our homes from oppression:

So, falling or conquering, praise I Thee!  
God I do give Thee me!

God I do give Thee me!  
When the dark thunders of death round me greeting,  
When from my oped veins my life is fast fleeing:  
Thee, my God, Thee then give I me!  
Father I call to Thee!

W.

### SOME THOUGHTS FOR THE 22D OF FEBRUARY.

When our fellow citizens in some of the mountainous regions of the South, wish to indicate a broad and comprehensive judgment, they say, "Hit looks jess that way to a man up a tree." It may not be too violent a stretch of the imagination, if we regard anniversary days like this, as trees standing along the nation's pathway, from which we take in at a sweeping glance the past and present.

During this centennial year,—perhaps you may have heard that this is the centennial year; I believe it has been mentioned in the newspapers,—in this year of glorious memories, I say, we shall have any number of poets and orators, climbing these anniversary trees, of which we have a very large crop, and from their positions of advantage, sounding forth in heroic strains, scintillating with flashes of patriotism, or in sonorous eloquence such as Cicero never dreamed of, and Roscoe Conkling has but rarely attained, the wonderful progress of this great and free people. Surely it must bring a thrill of pride and satisfaction to every American of this generation, when he thus hears how much greater, and wiser, and better, we are than our fore-fathers were.

What "old fogies" they appear, when looked at from "up a tree"—those big wiggled fellows of a century ago. Those staid and stately old gentlemen who walk through the history of a hundred years back, in silk stockings and shorts, voluminous ruffles, and iridescent waistcoats! Those grave old beaux

who figure in the chronicles of centenary society, with their courtly bows, and formal witticisms ; their antiquated notions of honor, and dignity, and politeness. We have made vast improvements in things since those gentlemen of the old school lived and flourished.

Not to dwell upon their surprising lack of enterprise, their total deficiency in railroads, steamboats, dynamite machines, and other contrivances for helping people to the better land ; nor to animadvert too severely upon their ignorance of monopolies, subsidies, lobbies, newspaper organs and other engines of modern civilization ; I cannot resist a passing mention of the rusticity, if I may so call it, of their manners.

It is recorded that in ye ancient days of '76, a young gentleman would actually salute his own mother, with as grand a bow as if she were a queen or a handsome young lady. Juven-  
cus Americus of to-day struts into the maternal presence, hat cocked back and cigar in mouth, with a " Well, old lady, how goes it ? " Our ancestors were very far indeed from attaining the elegant familiarity of such an address as that.

Then in regard to morals, let us be thankful that we are not as men of the olden time, even as our great grand-fathers. It is greatly to be feared that they were not altogether sound upon the temperance question. There can be little doubt, but that here in Princeton, where we now sit in sobriety under the shadow of a well executed license law, apple jack and hard cider were occasionally imbibed to excess—a hundred years ago. Then look at their amusements ! Only a few decades before the period we are considering, our ancestors were wont to amuse themselves by burning old women, and hunting Quakers. Such frivolities are severely frowned upon in this more virtuous age. Even the rational and healthful pastime of stoning inoffensive Chinamen is not now regarded with favor by our best citizens.

In the year 1773 a number of our rollicking progenitors amused themselves by getting up a masquerade surprise party,

boarding some vessels in Boston harbor, and throwing overboard a large quantity of tea. Now that tea didn't belong to those merry maskers, and their conduct upon that occasion exhibits a degree of moral obtuseness, which, I am happy to believe, is now to be found only among Sophomores.

As is well known, our forefathers finally carried their practical jokes to such an extent, that the king's officers left the country in disgust, and the king himself got mad. It is painful to dwell upon these personal failings of men who probably tried to do right. Let us make broad our phylacteries, and pass on. There is however, one department of knowledge and of action, one science, if it may be so termed, in which our advancement has been so marked, in which we stand to-day at an attitude so far above the men of a century ago, that I must dwell upon it at greater length. I refer of course to the science of statesmanship.

To-day we condescend to celebrate, as the natal day of a representative statesman of the olden time. Twice did an enthusiastic people call him to the highest position in the young Republic. For many years he was regarded as a model statesman, and I have no doubt, but that even in this enlightened day, we might find a few old fashioned people,—in some of the backwoods regions, perhaps,—who still cherish a belief in the greatness and wisdom of George Washington. But every student of politics knows, that if Washington had been born a hundred years later, not only would he not have been the Father of his Country, but in all likelihood, would not even have been alderman of his native village; and that judged by the standards now preserved in the capital of the nation, *his* pretensions to statesmanship appear simply ridiculous. His shortcomings have already been so pathetically portrayed, that it only remains for me to contrast with them, the manifold virtues, the exalted patriotism, and illustrious wisdom of that full blown flower of our political system—The Modern Statesman. The immense superiority of the latter, is evident, even



in a comparison of his boyhood, with that of Washington. The scope of Washington's genius was very narrow. A familiar story of his youth has preserved the astounding fact, that he could not tell a lie. The embryo Modern Statesman possesses a great advantage over the Hero of the Revolution in this respect. Moreover, Washington's modesty was excessive. His biographer tells us, that although he was frequently in love during that susceptible period between the age of 16 and 21,

" He never told his love  
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,  
Prey on his damask cheek."

Concealment wouldn't make much impression on the cheek of our modern Statesman.

Observe also their different modes of preparation for public life. Washington, strange to say, thought that a legislator should know something about the principles of law, trade, finance and other obsolete topics, of which all well regulated statesmen of the present day are blissfully ignorant. Washington entertained also, a respect for the teachings of history which greatly biased his mind. Every thinking man will at once perceive the advantage of maintaining a state of neutrality towards all questions of national polity until it appear which side is likely to be most popular. This was illustrated a few weeks since, when one of our statesmen urged the nomination of another, to the office which Washington once filled, on the ground that " he is so situated in regard to the question of finance, as to be able to support any plan that promises success." Convictions are the most unprofitable stock, a professional politician can invest in. Do not imagine however that the modern statesman is no student. There is one art to which he devotes himself with the utmost assiduity. It is the art of " wire pulling." This is of course a metaphorical name, and recalls the figure of the ancient organ grinder, who carried with him a number of puppets attached to a wire. By jerking this wire in time with the noise of his instrument, the puppets were made to perform some very remarkable gymnastic evolutions.

Just so the Modern Statesman has his organ—a paper one—and a wire called “party” to which the people are attached, and which he learns to pull with so much skill, that they very rarely fall off; but dance merrily up in line, while the organ grinds out the latest popular tune. It is a very amusing performance. Now it is the Labor Reform tune, to which they dance, and now the tune of Civil Service Reform; then it changes to the tune of Hard Money, which sweetly merges into a lullaby to the Rag Baby, which is just now troubled with the mumps. I fancy the most ardent admirer does not believe that he would ever have become a skillful “wire puller.” Perhaps some absurd conscientious scruples would have stood in his way. Washington’s nature, also, was too cold and distrustful to become popular with the masses. One of the greatest beauties of the Modern Statesman is his artless and unsuspecting disposition. For a smile that is childlike and bland he is unrivalled by the Heathen Chinee. This guilelessness accounts for his connection with Credit Mobilier, Pacific Mail subsidies, and Crooked Whiskey, of which so much has been said. A more worldly man would have suspected something wrong about those matters. Not so the Modern Statesman. He accepted all that was given to him, and did as he was bid, with a childlike simplicity, truly touching. We cannot too highly value such characters, at a time when a venal and corrupt press is endeavoring to destroy all faith in human nature. But perhaps Washington’s inferior statesmanship was most clearly displayed in the use he made of the appointing power. A judicious distribution of offices, might have insured the success of the Federalist party, for many years. Washington gave post offices to men who would not work for the party, and the party collapsed. Entertaining the absurd idea, that in order to form a correct judgment, as men should hear both sides of a question, he composed a cabinet of two Federalists and two Republicans. The inevitable result was, that his cabinet kept him in hot water continually.

If the modern statesman is elected President, he makes no such blunder as that. Like the Western Justice of the Peace, he knows that hearing both sides of a case, would only confuse his judgment. He takes care to appoint officers whose advice will be in accordance with his will. Thus harmony is secured, and the work of government goes on smoothly. If the other party is dissatisfied, so much the worse for the other party. Here let us close a comparison so unfavorable to Washington. Perhaps it is ungenerous and unpatriotic to make it at all, upon such an occasion; but *magna est veritas, et prevalebit*, though the heavens fall. Washington, as the newspaper reporters put it, has long since deceased. Poesy and Oratory have strewn over his grave their brightest garlands. The modern statesman still remains the ornament of his age. When he shall be born to his narrow home, amidst the wailings of hotel keepers, let us write above him—

Here LIES the Modern Statesman—"the ruling passion strong in death."

A. E. R.

## Voice of the Students.

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[This department of the LIT. is intended to represent the opinions of the students upon current college topics, and is open for free and fair discussion to the advocates of both sides of disputed questions.—Eds.]

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### A HINT OR TWO ON OUR GOVERNMENT.

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We know of no more suitable time than the present for directing the attention of students and Faculty alike to the necessity of a radical reform in the *esprit du corps* of the college, and it is hoped that the few vague hints which we propose to throw out may be taken on both sides as prompted by a feeling of justice as well as suggested by a sense of shame.

The disorder which at times disgraces our class-rooms is neither manly nor decent. No man who feels any consideration for his professor or fellow-student would be wilfully guilty of conduct so utterly unbecoming a gentleman; and while the disorder does exist there is, strange to say, a strong public opinion against it. It is hard to induce the Faculty to believe this, but it is so. We are positive in asserting that this misconduct is not malicious. It is the thoughtless outgrowth of a more thoughtless system; and, while by no means endeavoring to palliate it, we would respectfully suggest that the Faculty has hitherto shown a lamentable ignorance both of the causes and remedy.

Attendance upon "religious exercises" (!) is made compulsory. Surely but few feel "religious" under such circumstances, and the presence of the discontented many is simply a defilement of the sanctuary. True, this discontent ought not to exist, but it does, and we must treat things as they are, not as they should be. We can conceive of no better place for man than the House of God, but unless a man feels that it is good for him to be there he had better far be thousands of miles away.

This compulsory attendance, however, so far from striking the Faculty as wrong and injurious, morally and spiritually, is construed by them with wonderful good-sense into a criterion of the religious sentiment in college. Admitting this to be the case what a wofully profligate set our governors must be. While we with overcoat hastily thrown over night-shirt, shoes unlaced and hair unkempt are rushing pell-mell to reach God's ear before a relentless—and, perhaps, Godless—tutor can "spot" us, our worthy masters are either soundly snoring from last night's overwork or lying supinely upon feather beds musing regretfully upon the growth of immorality and scepticism. Comparisons are at all times odious, but in such cases they become absolutely injurious. Does it appear to our governors as conceivable that this obnoxious element in our government may tend to produce the thoughtless dissatisfaction and disrespect which occasionally crop out in class-room?

Again, after having passed through a term of such torturing unceasiness as results from this injurious system, examinations press us sharply. After a period of mingled doubt and hasty attempts to cram, we are supposed to have "prepared" ourselves for the trying ordeal. This "preparation" may mean anything you please, from the careful study of the subject in hand to its careful condensation on hand, and upon entering the room our system compels us to feel like so many convicts working under an overseer. In fact, an examination looks like little more than a game of "catch as 'catch can,"

and to expect thorough honesty under such circumstances is as absurd as it is unheard of. We are treated more like children in a House of Reform than as men in an American College, and is it to be at all wondered at that a fine sense of honor does not pervade a set of men in whom their instructors do not take the means or trouble to instill it? We want the confidence of our governors as children need the love and esteem of a parent; and only the infusion of this higher sense of honor and manly self-esteem can forestall the disgraceful deceit which now gains so many unworthy men a diploma certifying to the lie which declares them proficient in letters and blameless in morals.

Our authorities claim to have made every attempt to check the disrespect and carelessness which are increasing rather than diminishing throughout the college. They urge that they have repeatedly legislated to correct it, but it seems never to have occurred to them to *un*-legislate a little. Law-making is overdone here, and it, as much as anything else, needs reformation. The fewer written laws we have the better, and the more we are governed by that unwritten law of honor and self-respect, the more thorough and satisfactory will our government be. We admit that we ought to do many things which our governors would impose upon us, but, being but flesh and blood, we don't do them, and is it not allowable to pray to those over us as the immaculate Christ taught us to pray to Him who is over all:—"Lead us not into temptation?"

J. D.

### GENTLEMEN OF WHISKER PROPENSITIES.

A careful student of the human countenance will perceive that a wonderful transformation has taken place in the facial appearance of many gentlemen in the class about to graduate. The upper lip and chin and cheeks, once smooth and fair to

look upon are now, in many instances, covered here and there with patches of downy verdure. Many frantic attempts are being made to raise mustaches. Some of these attempts have partially succeeded and in a number of cases there are actually traces of a kind of Spanish twirl at the end which bids fair to rival the spit-curls which young ladies in their teens are so fond of cultivating. Some have grown pale and attenuated under the immense strain upon their nervous system. Some look anxious, others look proud and confident of success. Some, having passed through alternate stages of hope and despair until at last dame Nature yielded to their importunate demands, still gaze with affectionate solicitude upon the incipient productions as though half fearful that the whole affair will prove but a delusive dream. For the encouragement of those who may have thus far met only with disappointment, we would state that until recently our own overtures in this direction had proved unsuccessful. Grim despair was about settling over our features when several punctures of the skin attracted attention ; and now competent judges have declared that by dint of much persuasion our expectations may be realized—at no distant day.

CONATUS.

## Editorial.

"MEN WHO 'take high' never come to anything, at any rate." How often do we, men of "respectable" and (as professors have it) "disgraceful" standing, let slip such an expression, or cherish it in our inner consciousness, or overhear it on the lips of others, similarly situated, during a college course. Taking it as an axiom, it affords more than a crumb of consolation to the majority of college men, for it can never be leveled at them. But does it not as often prove an opiate or deadly narcotic, as a healthful crumb of any pabulum whatever? Taking it as an axiom, we doubt not, many a collegian, whose rhymes have earned the commendation of a lenient "exchange," has rested in the assurance that he was a Byron, or would be, if his wild and untrained genius were only allowed an unbridled sweep; or many another, whose theories upon the nature of Time and Space ran counter to the received, has brooded over them in the belief that they would, at some time, develop into a proud system; and he, into another Descartes or Locke, who had passed through college only to see the emptiness of college training and to learn his own undoubted ignorance. But, taking it as an axiom, our frequent inference is wrong. We argue, "These men who 'take high' work day and night and never amount to anything afterward; we will not work day and night, we will then be sure not to 'take high,' and as sure to make our mark further on in life." Not so; the old thread-bare maxim, "There is no excellence without great



labor," is as true as it is threadbare. It is true that Jonathan Swift did get his degree at the hands of the Cambridge doctors, *speciali gratiâ*, but the Tale of a Tub, locked in a drawer of his college study-table, had eaten up many an hour stolen from the study of the books of the Barbarians or from the logic and metaphysics of his day. He was no idler, whatever the learned doctors said of him, and his college disquisition placed him high up on the world's honor-list, the *fundamentum divisionis* of which stands apart from that adopted by college doctors. Yet, from among the hundreds who have received degrees at the same old Cambridge, *speciali gratiâ*, and the hundreds elsewhere, there has never come another Swift.

And is this current college tradition established beyond question? Not many years ago the remark was often made of a clergyman's son, who happened to be a drunkard or a thief, "He is a preacher's son, you know they are always rakes." But some one with curiosity and leisure undertook to get the figures which supported this saying, and not only found that there was no ground for it, but that the proportion of wrecked clergymen's sons was smaller than of the sons in any other profession. As soon as the charge was disproved, its cause was easily found; it lay, partly in the malice of some, and partly in the prominence of ministers' sons (their fathers being public men) and hence their conspicuous disgrace, where disgrace occurred. May we not attribute this equally time-honored, and, at first sight, equally improbable charge to the same causes, that is, partly to a mild malice and, partly, to the prominence and comparative fewness of the honored men?

Possibly not, and if not, why not? What are the conditions of success in college? How do they differ from the like conditions in after life? We take it that no one doubts the grand means to success in college, or to a high stand on the college books, to be *industry*. Nothing supplements it; it supplements many qualities. It bears with it a strong memory for, whatever else may enter into it, diligence consists in con-

tinued and close *attention* to the task in hand, which is again the corner-stone of a well-built memory. Without it a naturally superior memory soon decays, with it an imbecile one is quickened into health and vigor. Add to industry natural talent and high rank is ensured. Tact, in college life, often the ability to seem to know what one does not, is a talent used by some to tremendous advantage. But industry, it is said, is a noble trait in any man and, indeed, is requisite to success in life. It is a noble habit inasmuch as it consists in a persistent outlay of will-power. When Newton was flattered by his admirers as a man of genius, he replied, you know, that his genius lay only in his having more patience than other men. No success in the professions can be expected where it is wanting. But the will, though free, seldom, if ever, acts without motives, and the character of the motive is that of the act.

The consideration by which we can account for the alleged obscurity of successful college men is that of a slavish idolatry of grade. Where a man is free from it, and is working for self-culture solely, he has an incalculable advantage over his fellows below him, and prospects for a successful life proportionate, often, to his success in college. For industry cannot be the curse to destroy him, it never dragged any man out of sight; diligence misdirected only could accomplish that.

Grade as a stimulus is disastrous, but grade won is often more so. The inference from the defeat of one's rivals in college is so easy to a like overthrow of all contestants in the life struggle. The man who meets reverse after reverse through life up to mature manhood, provided he have the grit to sustain him, is the surest of lasting success after all. He who does not make college life an Isthmian game nor even the training school for it, he, indeed, who does not look upon life as a contest with fellowmen for wealth or fame takes the only true view. To him there is no failure. Could John Howard have failed or Florence Nightingale, or Wilberforce? He who gets to give again will never be poor, but he who gets only to

amass, or to use in buying up others' interests, is living meanly at the best; yet such is the lofty aim of him who makes first place his only goal in college. And yet the man who is working for the developing of his own character and industriously will often find himself, as we all have seen, hard by the top.

Then, men who are intense students in college grow out of the conceit of looking at things on their practical side. Their habits of application are admirable, but the world wants more than habits of application. The close student is very apt to understand thoroughly one type of human nature and that is his own, but he is very apt, likewise, seldom or never to meet with that type again. As well might the botanist who had studied closely the gymnosperms expect to be an authority in the botanical world as such a man to so understand human nature as to control it. Granted, it is not possible for a man to master the problems which would be proposed to him, while so young, yet he gets the habit of grappling with them, nor need time be withdrawn from other work to prosecute the study. One, in this respect, is like a glass jar in the chemist's laboratory which may be filled with a gas to the brim, then another poured in without displacing or disturbing the first occupant.

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THE PRINCIPAL points in the arrangements for the Lynde Prize Debate have at last been decided, and the first annual contest will take place on some evening yet to be appointed, at or near the close of the coming Spring term. The contest is to be limited to the graduating class, and the members of '76 will have the honor of inaugurating the greatest of our College oratorical contests. We say the greatest, for it is the most important, not merely on account of the munificence of the donation upon which it is founded, and the consequent value of the prizes intrinsically, but more because it is a contest in that very clearness of thought and readiness of speech

which must be the foundation of any success in the future work of the great majority of our number. The question to be decided is not who can put together the most well-rounded sentences, with striking ideas couched in beautiful figures, and deliver his production in a graceful and impressive manner, but who can by keen and intense thought best establish a given position, and state his arguments clearly and forcibly. We do not see how the arrangements could be better made to secure the desired result, or to meet more directly the wishes of the students as expressed in the action taken by both Halls. The preliminary contest in the Halls will assure the appearance upon the stage, of the best material that can be produced; the month's preparation upon the question will bring out the best thought of the speakers upon the subject; the drawing by lot of positions and of sides upon the debate, on the morning of the contest, will practically preclude the possibility of that bane of debating, a memorized speech; while the five minutes of purely extempore work, required of each participant, will be a crucial test of his power. We consider it most fortunate that the needs of the college in this line have been provided for in so satisfactory a manner, and we trust that the temporary rules adopted for the contest of this year, may, at least in their general tenor, be made permanent. Especially is it to be hoped that the extempore element may never be eliminated.

THE USELESSNESS of our Chapel exercises has been so frequently argued that it seems superfluous to make further mention of the subject. We firmly believe in the inefficiency of compulsory religious exercises upon all classes of men,—upon those who are interested in the subject of religion, and upon those who are not. Some have even said that such things do more harm than good,—that they hold up the subject in any thing but a sacred and reverent light, that by their very frequency they engender the indifference and distaste which

they are intended to dispel, that they discourage the young convert and encourage the scoffer.

Without discussing the merits and demerits of compulsory attendance, we wish to call attention to one thing, in our opinion worthy of thought, viz., morning chapel. The benefits of an institution by whose advantages its most earnest supporters fail to profit, are, to say the least, very dubious. We are unable to appreciate the peculiar character of this thing, which makes it a matter of such supreme importance to students, and such utter indifference to the Faculty. A half of a breakfast rapidly eaten, a hurried walk of a quarter of mile, more or less, to an eight o'clock exercise of ten minutes length, seem to be indispensables to a young man pursuing collegiate studies, while the duty of administering this necessary medicine in these homœopathic doses, is apparently an unpleasant task to the committee of one appointed by the Faculty, for the purpose. To put it plainly, if this exercise is so very beneficial, why don't the Faculty embrace the excellent opportunities which they have, of attending it? That property of public morning worship by which a man is enabled to outgrow the necessity of attending it, has not been fully expounded.

Again, it may reasonably be doubted whether there can be true religious worship, or even a beneficial attention to religious things, when one is in the midst of distracting circumstances. Such reverent and worshipful feeling certainly seems impossible to a man sitting in a half warmed room, striving to regain his equanimity and breath after a rapid walk on a cold morning, with his mind dwelling partly upon the breakfast which should have been eaten but could not be, partly upon the present uncomfortable condition, and partly upon the day's work, so soon to begin. As often as we see a man come in late and breathless to morning chapel, turn up his coat collar, wrap himself more closely in his ulster, and gaze pensively at his boot toes, in readiness to break for the door as soon as the last sentence of the conductor begins to round off, just so often

have we thought of the tales we have heard of an institution which, far back in the dim period of tradition, used to have chapel at four o'clock in the morning, when students would spring from their beds at the first tap of the bell, and sit shivering in their *robes de nuit* during the reading of scripture and prayer, then to return to their rooms and finish their interrupted naps.

There may be men who are able to worship amid all disturbing causes. That their name is legion, no one will assert. That they can be counted in college even by the score, we do not believe.

IT IS WITH the greatest pleasure that we learn that another attempt is to be made to establish a college paper in Princeton. The need of a weekly or semi-monthly publication which shall record College news before it becomes stale, has long been deeply felt. It is impossible to furnish news in such a magazine as the LIT. within a week after its occurrence, on account of the fact that all the LIT. copy is in the hands of the printer a full week before its distribution, and news a week old is hardly read with a relish. Moreover, there is a dissonance of character between a newspaper and a literary magazine. The one should be the growth of a moment, should speak directly and without delay to its readers, and may profitably be read with as little reflection as it is prepared. The other is and must be a matter of slow growth, and is to be read and digested in a similar manner, and a union of the two cannot be made without detriment to one of them or to both. Then, too, the editors of a publication such as the one proposed will be able to speak with more freedom of minor college matters, than if they are conscious that their own plain and practical production is to be preceded by a laborious effusion on some lofty philosophical subject, embellished by all the arts of Rhetoric. The innovation suggested would relieve the LIT. of a large

amount of its *Olla-pod.*, while it need not be prevented from noting those events occurring in and around college, which are worthy of a permanent record.

We understand that similar attempts have been made in former years, but the undertaking has in every case failed, either on account of financial difficulties, or from the refusal on the part of the Faculty to allow such a paper to exist. But the Faculty have within a few days given their consent to the proposition, nor do we see any reason for thinking that the College is not able and willing to support such a periodical in addition to and distinct from its literary organ.

WE HAVE two suggestions for the Lecture Association. First, that the executive committee be elected from '77 at some time before June 1st, and that they, so elected, be instructed to secure immediately lecturers for the coming season, and submit their selection to the Board for ratification before the close of the present year. It may not be known that two previous committees failed to make a first class course because they were on the ground too late. The number of Lecture Associations in the country is, of course, very large and they, especially in the cities, seek the best men (whom we want here) during the summer months. It has been found that prominent men, though their premium is higher, pay the Association and repay its supporters far more than men of average ability and charges.

Secondly, we advise whatever of surplus the Treasury returns be invested rather than distributed among the "stockholders." If the profits this year are at all large, invested they will ensure the ability to get first-class lecturers next season, and will go far towards saving the Association from any danger of loss.

## Olla-podrida.

One of our college patrons, during an extensive tour through the old world, was permitted to examine a number of Greek manuscripts, preserved at Cairo. The origin of these writings is lost in the obscurity and mystery of the heroic age. It seems possible, however, that they were at one time in the Alexandrian library,—which may account for their now being in Egypt. The gentleman—one of great learning—copied one of them, a drama, and brought it home with him. We had the pleasure of seeing it and getting a copy, of which we present a part to our readers in our present issue. There are some mysterious words, letters and numerals scattered through the play in the stage directions which are a source of much speculation to us. It is possible, however, that the numerals correspond to the Hebrew letters which, it is well-known, each represented some number. The X, used in one place, undoubtedly refers to the talisman of the Jaina Kings. The T probably refers to the Crux-Ansata of the Rosicrucians. S. P. Q. R. is more mysterious, as the date of the play is long before that of the foundation of Rome. There are also some curious symbols in certain parts which seem to be Masonic, though we cannot confidently assert that this is true. However, we place one act of the play before our readers; and, if it is deemed advisable, will give the remainder of the drama in our next number.

THE GAME OF DRAW OR THE PEDDLER'S REVENGE: A VERY MELLOW DRAMA IN 2 ACTS BY ÆSCHYLUS FRESHMAN AND EURIPIDES PREP.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MICHAEL DU BOYLES,—periodic imbiher of the “crooked,” superficial enlightener of understandings, matutinal arouser of somniferous debauchees and practical interpreter of the manly art of self-defence.

JOHANNES VON GARDNER,—naturalized speculator in California Mexican apples of uncertain origin and questionable age.

JAS. ODORIFEROUS,—late of Wenck's Perfumery,—peripatetic broker in vestimental estates. *Post obits* a specialty.

JOSEPHUS A-POWELL,—original draughtsman and inflammatory expounder of the American Eagle's last will and testament.

JAMES DE COVERT,—practical and literary disciple of B. Franklin and A. Burr.



WM. SHAKESPEARE PAYRAN,—only living descendant of the late Mr. Wm. Payran Shakespeare, and sole authorized expositor (copyright secured) of the memorable sayings and notorious obscurities of said Mr. W. P. S.

SIGNOR TOMASSO Q. LYTTLE, (Doctor Ebrius),—Oracular factotum and contemporaneous coadjutor of above-named worthies.

Οἱ πῶλλοι.—Snobs, Freshmen and other nuisances.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Near W. Allen's (Boat)-House on the Delaware and Raritan River after class regatta for college championship and Nickel-plated punch bowl.—Storm. Thunder and lightning, Helen Blazes and other females. Canal mules and other Freshmen retiring in the distance. In centre of stage set rocks, represented by dancing slipper of No. 3 of the University crew.*

*Enter W. PAYRAN, pensive and sombre, R. I. E., S. T. 1860-X.*

*Bill P.*—Farewell, a long farewell to all my pleasure.

This is the state of man. To-day he takes in  
The mollient juice of rye, to-morrow blossoms  
And bears his blushing honors on his nose.  
The next day comes an ache, a bad head-ache;  
And when he thinks—poor, boozy beast—full scoundly  
His trustful spouse doth sleep, descends the broom,  
And then he falls, as I have. Oh! how wretched  
Is that poor man who trusts to woman's slumber;  
For when he least expects it, she uprises—  
Down he goes, and falls like Counsellor,  
Never to rise again (without aid).

*Enter SIG. TOMASSO, inebriated, L. U. E., (Steele's old whiskey).*

*Bill P.*—Why how now, Tomasso?

*Tomasso.*—My tongue's too th(hic!) to speak, Bill. (Gaps).

*Johannes Gardner heard without (stamps) yelling—*

Hay! yay! yay! yay! Here's your nice, fresh, beautiful, ripe, imported, Louisiana, California, Spanish, Mexican apples from Rocky Hill! Only three for ten cents! A few more left; be in time for 'em, be in time for 'em!—*Enters and seats himself on above-mentioned rocks.*

*Tomasso.*—(Elevating his tangle-foot eye-brows).

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!  
Hast thou a spirit of health or goblet damned,  
Bring'st with thee Jersey Apple or Trenton rum?  
Thou com'st on such a dismal day that I  
Will drink with thee. I'll call thee Gardner,  
Johannes, Peter, anything—

*Johan.*—(explosively) All right, Boss!

(*They imbibe, S. P. Q. R.*)

*Freshmen in distance sing*

CHORUS.

Black spirits and white,  
Red spirits and grey,  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
Ye that mingle may.

*Bill P. (Aroused and looking off R. R. R.).*

By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Joseph á-Powell this way comes ;  
With him sweetly-smelling James  
And Michael of Olympian games ;  
Freshman chorus in the rear :  
Lo! the pageant now draws near.

*John Von Gardner (so much in earnest that he forgets to speak in blank verse).*

Whisht a bit! Let's be scatterin' and whin the sun sinks behind the blue  
Observatory we'll be matin' at Mike O'Ryan's. Yez all know we've a grudge  
agin thim fellers for batin' us in that game of draw. Now whin they come to  
Mike's, we'll shquare accounts. But here they are; so let's be off!

*(Exeunt omnes indiscriminately and in disorder).*

SCENE II.—*The same old place (couldn't find another), lights very low. Storm increasing. Chapel organ heard in the distance playing overture to Robert Le Diable and "Steady on the Long-tail Blue."*

*Enter Michael du Boyles, R. U., A. L. O. E., James Oderiferous, L. U. E., X. L. N. T., and Josephus á-Powell through trap in centre with a bottle of Whankins' best under his arm. He passes bottle around.*

*M. du B.*—W-w-when shall we three meet again.

At Carl's, O'Ryan's or Lover's Lane? (Drinks)

*James.*—When our morning bust is done,

When our whiskey low has run, (Drinks)

*á-Pow.*—That will be ere set of sun?

*M. Du B.*—We come, Von Gardner! (Drinks)

*All.*—T. Q. calls:—anon.

For we will play a slimy game

Of Poker, whence we win our fame.

Fair is foul and foul is fair:

Five aces, kings and jacks three pair!

All wipe off their chins and floataway upon empty bottles, two copies of the Constitution and an eagle-feather dropping from á-Powell's pocket as they disappear. Curtain descends to inspiring strains of Rum-ske-ho and The Ravin'.

END OF ACT I.

A gentleman of our acquaintance, who is extremely short, was walking down the street not long since, attired in an Ulster coat and a Glengarry cap. Two

gentlemen were walking behind him, one of whom remarked to the other:—

"Charlie, if you'll tell me what that is, you may have it."

A Senior at the dinner table, not long ago, remarked that it would be easy to put all he knew about Greek upon a sheet of foolscap. Senator Samuel asked him if he "couldn't more suitably put it under a foolscap." The Senior failed to see the point until he was shown the other side of the door by his admiring, but sympathizing friends.

A Senior, in his tremendous efforts to find some other word for *χαλκος* than "brass," got off the following:—"They endeavored to pierce each other with direful *zinc*." Next!

Billy the Greek failed to see the beauty of three different passages of Homer exhibited to him by Prof. Cameron. This was a lamentable want of appreciation on the part of one who is "native and to the manner born."

It strikes us with painful force that there are some men in the Senior class who are harboring designs upon that time-honored piece of household furniture,—the class cup. We have been so unfortunate as to find the following:—

Mi hart iz like a kauliflower  
That haf to seed iz run;  
And faints beneath the brazen sky,  
And hydrogenic sun.

Mi luv iz like a summer nite,  
In garments gold and blue;  
She kums down on the kauliflower,  
And soaks it up in due.

O, I would be this\*kauliflower  
Forever, evermore;  
And be each evening soaked in due,  
Until mi ribs wuz soar.

The man who wrote the above has certainly been po'ing for the English Literature prize. We wish him every success imaginable.

"Jinks," of '76, says he has to tie picks to the ends of his mustachois every night to give them the right "hang." We did not know that any member of our class had reached so high a stage of art.

It may not be known to some of the misguided Freshmen that "Come, now!" is classical. It occurs in Homer under this form:—"Ἄγε νῦν ἔκροα."

It may be of interest to know that some of the crack gymnasts at John Wood's Gymnasium, N. Y., are Princetonians. "Dicky" Hall shows them some "cranks" on the parallels; and "Tete" Sheldon astonishes them on the horizontal and otherwise.

March did not come in exactly like a lamb, or like a lion; but, as Dick remarked, half way between—like a goat. But she went out like a lion and left her mark behind her on the usual place—between Reunion and the Chapel.

Certain Seniors in South Reunion, disgusted with the unfruitfulness of their college course and things in general, have hung out their signs and are now "For Sale." We feel assured that whosoever invests will be beautifully "sold."

We have at last surmised why Trips don't shave. He is waiting. It is his intention on the Centennial day of the Centennial year, during the Centennial Exposition, in the Centennial village, to get a Centennial barber to give him a Centennial shave in a Centennial manner for a Centennial dime! He has been "laying for" this ever since he was an infant.

The hero of Hackettstown intends to come out soon in a Centennial beard in addition to his Centennial mustache and more than Centennial "plug."

The Senior Finals in Greek are over, we are happy to say, and some of us have gazed calmly upon Homer with the sublime and consoling thought that "we won't go there any more."

How well that walk in the front campus was doctored up just before the meeting of the committee of Trustees! We like that way of doing things.

The College Orchestra has perfected its organization and is destined to reflect great credit upon the college and themselves. A few nights since they favored a select few with a short rehearsal, and their selections required no little talent and proficiency. They played "Morgenblätter," the overtures to "Taunhäuser" and "Zampa," "An den Schönen Rhein" and "Giroflé-Girofla," and their execution of these difficult pieces elicited the warmest praise. The violin and piano rendition of "Zampa" by Messrs. McCay and Dennis and the flute and cornet solos of Messrs. VanLennep, '78, and Wright in "Giroflé-Girofla" were particularly fine. It is, we believe, proposed to add a bass viol to the orchestra, an improvement much needed, and under the efficient leadership of Mr. McCay great results are to be expected from this most welcome addition to the musical organizations of the College.

GLEE CLUB.—We take great pleasure in announcing that this organization is in most excellent condition, its management and outlook being all that could be desired. Messrs. H. Brown, '76, Dennison, '78, and Vanuxem, '79, have been added as Second Tenor, Second Bass and First Tenor respectively,—additions which have materially strengthened the Club. Mr. Vanuxem possesses a voice of unusual compass and force, and the musical abilities of Messrs. Brown and Dennison are too well known to require comment.

On the 10th ult., the Club gave a concert at Bordentown for the benefit of the Presbyterian Church there, which is under the charge of Rev. L. R. Smith '72. Their reception was in every way gratifying and the concert was a marked success. A striking feature of the visit was the warm interest in the Club displayed on the part of the young ladies of the various seminaries in the town, and the enthusiasm with which the girls welcomed the "rocket" touched even the stony heart of Dunning. The Club is in hopes of making quite an extensive tour during the coming vacation, proposing to visit New York, Elizabeth, Philadelphia, Baltimore and

Washington. We trust that a full treasury as well as flattering receptions may make the trip both profitable and enjoyable.

On March 7th, the Nassau Temperance Society held a meeting in the Philadelphian Society rooms. Dr. Murray delivered a happy, brief and pointed address, and after adjournment many joined the ranks of the Crusaders by pledging abstinence from liquor during membership of College. The Society now numbers upwards of seventy members.

The library and membership having greatly increased of late, the Philadelphian Society is growing so large as to render necessary a new building for its accommodation; and it is proposed to erect, as soon as possible, the edifice for whose provision the late Hamilton Murray, '72, left \$15,000. To this money, which is now in the hands of the College Treasurer, more will be added, and it is hoped that the building will be finished by next Fall. Its probable site will be between the Halls.

The Boat Club finances are in a promising condition. There are already nearly one thousand dollars in the Treasury, and but little difficulty is anticipated in raising a sufficient amount for the necessary expenses at Saratoga.

A Committee of the Board of Trustees met on the 13th and 14th ult. They refused to remove those senseless bores, Senior Finals, and added another year to the course in the School of Science. This provision will necessitate an addition to the Faculty. We hope the gentleman chosen will be a liberal-minded one.

We are always pleased to see our friends manifest an interest in our spiritual welfare, and we also consider the revivalists who lately visited us a success; but if that Sophomore who is cultivating the style of Sankey don't cease, for a while, at least, to sing in our hearing, "I am praying for you," we may be induced to convince him that "Life is but a span"(k).

A Professor recently asked a class for "a little more silence." He got it.

The Freshmen celebrated St. Patrick's Day in the night. Some incipient 'Guy Fawkes concocted a gun-powder plot, and he and his colleagues, on the night referred to, blew up—or rather down—Tutor Ferris' door, and caused the adjoining entry-window sash to unceremoniously disappear. We may expect the chapel to go next, as the Centennial Fiend is still at large.

During a late lecture in Astronomy a Senior moved to adjourn, which in turn moved the lecturer to insinuate that were the mover of that resolution detected he would be moved to adjourn without delay and without day.

The Sophs. lately advertised a Freshman by means of appropriately colored posters conspicuously disposed around the town and Campus.

Drs. C. W. Hamlin, of Constantinople, and C. W. Hodge, of the Seminary, preached in the College Chapel on the 5th and 19th ult., respectively.

Professor Murray has taken charge of the Bible class which meets in the Second Church every Sunday morning at 9:30, and which was formerly under the charge of Dr. Green of the Seminary.

The new suits for the University Ball Nine have been ordered. They will consist of bluish gray hats, coats and knee-pants, the stockings and trimmings to be of orange.

Professor Cameron has been appointed one of the Board of Examiners of applicants for West Point.

The following "Personal" lately appeared in the *N. Y. Herald*:

"C. R.—I have a thirteen pounder. Me and it are well. But we ain't happy when you are away."

Suspicion points to a '77 man.

A Junior lately handed in to the Faculty the following model excuse:—

"Gentlemen of the Faculty:

Please excuse my absence from the recitation in Logic yesterday afternoon. I took off my boots (which were soaking wet), to dry my feet, and when I wished to put them on again to go to recitation I found they had shrunk so I could not get them on.

Yours respectfully,

—,"

The instructor in the interesting branch mentioned merely thought "Put yourself in his place" and the touching appeal went straight to his heart.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

To an "honor-list" man a green novus homo

Observed: "It would please me exceedingly to know

By what intellectual legerdemain

You manage your present high grade to maintain."

Quoth the "honor list" man: "Nothing's plainer, believe;—

In aid of my head I make use of my sleeve."

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

For felicity of arrangement, masterly orthography and terseness of expression, we respectfully back the following notice, lately picked up on the Campus:—

"publick Sale of the propiety of gohatan A. Fish will Sell on monday March the 20 A. D 1876 on the Rode Leeding from priCton too SeedergroVe one hos one buga wagon 1 Cooken stoV 1 Cubard 1 Buro Chairs and Beeds and Beeds-stits Carpets Crockawar 1 Springbotem Longe household goods in thar Varitee Forkes Shovels an hoSe A Lot of harness bells and flinet Boxes and Barles. Many Thing too Teeeges too MenChen Sale to CmenCe at one o'CoCk on Sade Day."

And yet preparations for the Centennial are still going on.

A boxing school has lately been opened in North West and is now running in opposition to "Joe Coburn's" ranche in North Reunion. The admirers of "the manly art" nightly avail themselves of this opportunity of improvement, and black eyes, bunged noses and loose teeth are at a discount, the market being, at present, flooded.

It has transpired that our Registrar is an Irishman. On March 17th the following notice was found on his door:—"Will not show absences to-day, it being St. Patrick's Day."

Since having his strawberry locks trimmed a prominent theological Senior prides himself on his resemblance to Dr. Ormiston.

AUGMENTATIVE.—Our Treasurer was lately presented with a bouncing boy, and ex-Tutor Fahnestock—who is now in charge of the First Presbyterian Church of Syracuse, N. Y.—recently awoke one morning to find himself the father of a pair of bright-eyed girls. "By St. Paul, the good work goes bravely on!"

In the early part of last month about ninety members of the Freshman class indulged in a very justifiable class "cut." They having already endured tedious examinations for two days, an additional examination was set down for the fourth day. It would have been but just to allow them the intervening day for preparation and rest, but this allowance not being granted they very sensibly took it. They took also nine disorder marks, three absences and three *zeri apiece*. The Faculty, moreover, with an unpardonable disregard of the proprieties and an unusual forgetfulness of their own dignity, wrote to these young men's homes that they had "engaged in a class 'cut.'" The parents of the docile youths, supposing that a "cut" was remotely related to murder and might include arson with a possible tendency to suicide, poured in crowds to our classic shades, only to learn that their sons had done about the first sensible thing of which they had ever been guilty. It being their first offence they were readily forgiven with much tears and a little spare change. Does the Faculty think that a Freshman's entire frame is as enduring as his cheek?

Conductor Allen is still at it, as the following will testify:—

Scene—Junction, 7:45 A. M. Train about to start for Princeton after half-an-hour's delay occasioned by an absorbing discussion between the engineer and firemen upon Snobs' rights and the Belknap case. Enter Allen smiling and calling upon freezing and sour looking passengers for their tickets.

EXCITED FRESHMAN—(one of three whose susceptible natures render it necessary for them to return every night to the protecting shades of their native hamlet, Trenton)—I consider it an outrage to be kept waiting here every morning: passengers have rights—

CONDUCTOR A.—(paternally)—My boy, it's a pity about you. You had better get your mother to wean you, so that you won't have to go home to her every night."

Freshman subsides with an ambiguous grunt.

DR. A.—What are the disadvantages of division of labor?

Bloody—First, narrowness of mind; for example, a man working on the point of a pin often narrows his mind to a point. [Uproar.]

DR. A.—Gentlemen, enough! We often fail to get at the point. [Grins audible].

Want of space forbids full mention of the very enjoyable full dress reception given on March 7th by the Seniors of South Reunion. The affair was in every respect successful, the dancing exhilarating and the supper excellent. The absence of liquor and the ready flow of mirth and wit added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion. Among the musical selections were the favorite galop, "Scotch Lassic," by Oofungeiser and the melting waltz, "Fire Fiend," by Locherbie. These entertainments promise to become very popular in College and make an excellent substitute for the old-time sprees.

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CLIO HALL, Mar. 3, 1876.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His all-wise providence to remove from this world our venerable brother, JUDGE ELBERT HERRING of the class of 1795, who for many years has been the oldest living graduate of American Colleges; WHEREAS, He held many positions of trust, ever reflecting honor on the Cliosophic Society; therefore

*Resolved*, That in his death we recognize the loss to his friends and to our Society.

*Resolved*, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his friends in their bereavement.

*Resolved*, That as a tribute of our respect to his memory, a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to his friends and that they be published in the *New York Observer* and NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE,

BAYARD HENRY,  
M. N. JOHNSON,  
WM. H. WOOLVERTON,  
Committee.

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CLIOSOPHIC SOCIETY, Princeton, N. J., Mar. 3rd, 1876.

WHEREAS, God in His all-wise providence has been pleased to remove by death our esteemed fellow member, JAMES SEARS DICKERSON, '76, and

WHEREAS, During his stay with us, he gained the respect of us all by his gentlemanly bearing, sterling character, and manly christian life; therefore

*Resolved*, That in his death the Cliosophic Society has lost a member to whose zeal and faithfulness we now bear willing testimony.

*Resolved*, That we extend to the bereaved parents our heartfelt sympathy in their great affliction.

*Resolved*, That as an expression of our regard, three members be appointed to attend the funeral on our behalf.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his parents, and be published in the *Newark Daily Advertiser*, *New York Observer* and the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

JOHN F. DUFFIELD,  
R. W. HAMILTON,  
WM. M. LIBBEY, JR.,  
Committee.

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"Butch" in Greek recitation translated one of Plato's immortal sentences, "A life without examinations is not worth living." [Groans.]

A Soph. proposes the following conundrum:

"What is a bore both at college and at sea?"



A Scientist. says his beard is molecular because it grows only on the moles.

The Executive Committee of the Athletic Club met on March 22d and it was determined that, in order to facilitate the selection of proper representatives for the contest at Saratoga, practice games should be held on May 13th. These games being merely for the purpose of calling out for practice those in College who engage in Athletic sports, there will be no prizes offered, and to further the interest of the Club none but its members will be admitted to them. Membership in the Club may be secured by paying the requisite fee (one dollar), to the Treasurer, Mr. J. A. Campbell, '77, and it is hoped that all—whether expecting to contend or not—will avail themselves of the opportunity to thus advance the Athletic interests of the College.

The games decided upon for this occasion are as follows:—

Running:—100 yards,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, mile (with the possible addition of 3 miles).

Walking:—1 mile, 3 miles.

Hurdle Race:—120 yards.

Jumping:—Running Long, Running High and Standing Long.

Throwing:—Hammer and Base-ball, and Putting the Shot.

Three-legged Race.

Dr. Alexander a few days since in a lecture on the moon cracked an excellent joke, though, as he assured us, unintentionally. He said, "You will excuse the simplicity of the illustration, but we will call my face the moon. [Laughter]. However odd it may seem, you will be apt to remember it because it will be a speaking illustration."

We have been told in the lecture room "that every effect has a cause," and as it has been asserted so often and we have been informed that "all doctrines to the contrary were *wrong*," we have finally come to a firm belief in its truth. And, innocent fellows as we were, we construed that doctrine to include "final causes," so when the faculty, for example, did anything, we immediately inquired "Why did they do that?" Well we so seldom got a satisfactory reply that we would have lost faith in the whole doctrine but for the oft renewed argument that belief to the contrary were wrong, and for an incident of a few days since. We were meandering leisurely from the Library to the Post Office, when we encountered a squad of workmen at work on the walk. As is our wont we soliloquized: "Why is this?" The day was bright and there were no indications of bad weather, in fact there was every indication that the bad weather had ceased. That could not be the reason. There had been no article in the last LIT. on "Those Walks." That certainly could not be the reason. Still the workmen worked busily for a day or two and the walks were noticeably improved. There was no solution for our problem until the day the Board of Trustees met.

A Scientist. '78 asked which was the stronger, concentrate or dilute sulphuric acid.

A Senior remarked that "Centennial bell(e)s" were quite common now at parties. From all that we can learn from those who go to such places they always were so here.

A NEW NAME FOR THEM.—

Prof.—"Would a polygamist from Utah be allowed to bring his privileges with him into another state?"

Mr. —. "No sir, he would have to leave his privileges behind him."

Three weeks since a drunken "snob" assaulted a student who was quietly passing along Nassau Street at about eight o'clock in the evening. Without giving any warning of his intention as the two passed he struck the student under the eye. The blow was a powerful one and left an ugly mark. Had it been half an inch higher he would have hit the gentleman's spectacles and probably ruined his eye. No effort was made to arrest the offender, though the marshal was on the ground at the time. In fact that worthy dignitary who wears a blue coat and silver badge told another student the name of the rascal, and said that if he wanted to he could enter complaint at the Mayor's office and have him arrested Monday morning. When a warrant was sworn out on Monday morning the offender could not be found. Thus "Jersey law" is executed. We were pleased with the active interest which the President displayed in bringing the fellow to justice. He could not have been more concerned if he had been the injured party.

In a recitation in Chemistry the Dr. as he heard the prompter more readily than was intended, remarked that somebody else knew that; and turning to an innocent looking individual said "Was that you Mr. D—?"

Mr. D— (with innocence and composure) "Beg your pardon, sir?"

Dr.—"Was that you that knew that?"

Mr. D.—"Yes sir; but I confess it was only by accident that I did."

For once Jeff. gave somebody else the "grins."

In Bible lecture the President stated that at one time "There were no Smiths found in all the land of Canaan." What a happy land that must have been. This statement reminded us of a remark made by a "friend of ours" some years since. He said he never knew where all the Smiths came from till one day while passing through a street in Detroit, he saw a sign, "Smith Manufactory."

We forgot to state that this friend has since died.

It is a settled fact that the "State Centennial Celebration" is to be in Princeton on June 27th, the day before Commencement. Active preparations have already commenced to make the affair as big a success as possible.

This together with the exercises of Commencement week will bring together large crowds of visitors to "our little borough," as our ex-Mayor delighted to call this ancient town. We would advise all the students who expect to have friends here then to engage accommodations as soon as possible.

A Junior in writing an essay on "Luther *before* the Diet of Worms" remarked with becoming brilliancy that he had brought Luther up to the Diet, and he was going to stop there.

On 22d ult., Dr. Kempshall, of Elizabeth, was among us again. We all welcomed him and enjoyed the little talk which he gave us in the Philadelphian Rooms in the evening. The more we come in contact with him and listen to his wisdom and advice the more we esteem and value him as a friend and counsellor. Both his visits have been beneficial to us and we hope he may come often.

Our Professor in Greek was recently, while on his way to Chapel, struck by a base-ball in the pit of the stomach, and here is the manner in which a bystander ventilates himself upon the occurrence:

And when Nassovian Patroclus had thus slain three times nine men, throwing over his massive shoulders the well-wrought, rich cloak sweeping the ground, and placing upon his well-shaped head the graceful, glittering casque, with high-sounding, winged words he rushed toward the well-built tower of the sacred temple; nor did he delay. But Bakimorean Hector, seeing him, advanced to meet him, nor did he notice the other enemies who crowded about him. Snatching up a rounded missile which fitted his hand and gathering his force he hurled it at the great-minded Patroclus approaching from the opposite side: nor did he miss him, but he hit him where the star-studded clasps of the closely-fitting, variegated greaves join about his well-made front, enclosing within the entrails and the hard heart; and giving a sound he fell, and pain-producing fate covered his eyes and loosened his limbs. As when some snob overcome by the fiery god hath too freely imbibed, nor can he control himself, but alcoholically groaning falls; or like a jackass whom swearing teamsters on the roadside goad through the mire, black and thick like that on Campus, but who, wearied and overcome with his burden, braying loudly falls with a thud. So Patroclus: and the physicians skilled in many drugs and large bills rushed to busy themselves about the bow-bent body of the Great Greek, the leader of the Unshielded Flunkers.

The Trustees of the Johns Hopkins University have offered to young men from any place ten fellowships, or graduate scholarships, to be bestowed for excellence in any of the following subjects:—Philology, literature, history, ethics and metaphysics, political science, mathematics, engineering, physics, chemistry and natural history. The value of the fellowships will be five hundred dollars, payable in three sums. Applications must be made prior to June 1, 1876. The conditions are an evidence of a liberal education and of a proclivity towards a certain line of study, and of upright character. The holder will be expected to co-operate in upholding the efficiency of the University, and to render some service as an examiner.—*Baltimore Sun*.

H. J. Van Dyke, Jr., '73 has been appointed Master's Orator, and Gen. Chesnut, of South Carolina, has been selected by Clin Hall to address the Societies at Commencement.

## EXCHANGES.

We have received the following:

*Yale Courant, Yale Record, Yale Lit., Harvard Advocate, Harvard Crim-  
son, McGill Gazette, Oberlin Review, Dartmouth, Miss. University Mag., Vir-  
ginia Univ. Mag., Cornell Era, Round Table, Trinity Tablet, Forest and Stream,  
Vassar Miscellany, Niagara Index, Brunonian, Hamilton Lit., Williams Ath-  
letic, College Mercury, Acta Columbiana, Lampoon and Cornell Review.*

*The Dartmouth*, that dear, little, cunning paradox of college journalism, filling so much space with such absolute nothing, is once more before us. Even the billingsgate for which it was once so noted has vanished, and nothing remains but an idiotic vapidness, as appalling as it is characteristic. The weak and puny effort it makes at satire elicits more of pity than of hatred. Old King Lear crazed, is not a more heart-rending picture, than *The Dartmouth* turned fool by the weight of "Bloody Mary," and the eleventh ballot for the town clerk of Mill Village.

The sublime disregard which the *University Herald* has for grammatical construction, is best illustrated by the following quotation from an article upon the Saw-Bones department of Syracuse University. "As the matter now stands, the most ignorant of clod-hoppers, who can pay his matriculation fee, may have as short a road to as good a diploma, as are given to him who has been seven or eight years preparing for the course." Sweet Miss *Inconsistency Herself*, (pretty name), in an article entitled "Be Honest," declares that only Freshmen in Syracuse University are honest, and that a prolonged connection with the afore-said institution is likely to generate a character rather hellish than otherwise. What an accomplished liar and cheat that young spinster must be, if her closing wail is to be believed. "To be more frank, honest and fair, is what is needed by many of us, and most of all by

INCONSISTENCY, HERSELF."

A profound discovery in social science has lately been made at a boarding school out west, called Beloit College. The organ of this institution informs us that "the Age of Chivalry is passed."

The *Round Table* in speaking of woman's position in America at the present time, has the audacity to publicly rave after this manner: "Here her position is changed from passive indolence and sentiment to the stern reality of life's activities in which by far the greater honor lies. Filled with the spirit of freedom and inspired with the hope of peaceful worship unimpeded, she commits herself and her all to the billows of the mighty ocean and borne by the surging of its crested waves, lands on a shore unknown to her but not to God. He guided the fragile ship to a haven of solid anchorage, fit emblem of the Rock of Ages to which her heart should cling." The *Round Table* accused us of "blow." We fear we never shall surpass that eminent journal, after this exhibition of its own powers in that line.

Not long since, the *Acta Columbiana* offered, or with Columbian parsimony, offered to offer, a prize or reward for literary matter. Either the prize offered was too low, or the constitution of the *Columbiana* was too delicate, or something else must have happened, for as yet there has been no marked increase either in the quantity or quality of the literary parts of that thinnest and most ghastly of college monthlies. Flesh up, old Gray Back, even though you are not worth much!

Here is one of the advertisements which support that famous literary journal, the *Virginia University Magazine*:—

"NEW ALL-NIGHT RESTAURANT, BAR, CONFECTIONERY AND GROCERY,

Known as the celebrated

### "STONEWALL" OYSTER HOUSE,

On Main Street, Near the Depot.

OYSTERS in' every style for 25 cents only. GAME and all delicacies cooked night and day, on shortest notice. Bar stocked with choice Liquors of all kinds, and best brands of Cigars and Tobacco. Arrangements have been made with Mr. C. McKennie by which a Stew or Fry of Oysters, &c., and a ride from University to depot, can be had for 35 cents only, 12 tickets \$4.00, 6 tickets \$2.00.

jan-3m.

WM. EASTON, Proprietor."

We are always glad to hear of our neighbor's success. Our man keeps open until ten o'clock, and sells by the quart alone. "Aint them hard trials?"

The touching and chivalrous gallantry of the students of Oberlin College, is graphically portrayed in the following clipping from the *Oberlin Review*:

"The other day, when a Senior literary, on her way to chapel prostrated herself to the earth, before entering, and looking around (as people always do when suddenly placed in that attitude), saw the ivories of three or four seniors, she didn't feel cheap or anything. Oh no."

This accounts for the high moral, intellectual, and social tone of that magazine. It always had a kind of sublimity, very much akin to the moral loftiness of the "negro gallery" in a theatre; or the awe inspiring attitude of a tenement-house attic. Oh! the benefits of co-education!

The *Niagara Index*, edited by certain students in the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, Suspension Bridge, New York, is now before us. After stating, that "Sectarian colleges are noted for their infidelity;" it declares, "if there were no truth in the accusation that infidelity reigns in our denominational institutions, repudiation of the charge would, ere this, have been indignantly made." This interesting journal further informs us that it has mentioned this subject before. We never took the trouble of reading the *Index*, else we should have answered it, to its satisfaction. We, therefore, "indignantly repudiate" this charge now, and, in the language which seems to be greatly loved by the *Index*, declare that the *Index* is a liar. We desire to thank the *Index* for its praise of our President, and would request it, not to repeat the offense.

It must have been quite a serious blow to the *Yale Record* to be compelled to publish such a really good article, as "Our Good Little Boy." From the rest of the *Record's* contents, we feel sure that it is determined not to astonish itself to too great a degree.

The *Harvard Lampoon* can not be too highly praised. It contains real wit, without any approach to vulgarity, and is characterized throughout by a manly and honest ridicule of college faults. We hope it will be more general in its objects, as at present, it is the only college pictorial in the country.—We beg pardon!—There's the *Courant* you know. But that's a Yale paper, and no hopes of catholicity in journalism from that quarter.

We thank *Tufts Collegian* for the compliment paid us, but our resolution is not to be shaken.

The blue-nosed printer of New York's lacustrine college, has laid aside the type-form for the Reviewer's damning quill. Princeton is blotted, as it were, from existence. Such sarcasm! Such accurate knowledge of Greek and grease wiping! Such biting ridicule! Such withering contempt! Pity us. *Era*, pray, pity and spare us!

#### PERSONAL.

'38. Rev. B. T. Phillips, Pastor of First Presbyterian Church of Manchester, N. J.

'44. Hon. Henry S. Little has a net income, as clerk in Chancery for New Jersey of \$18,000.

'49. Rev. Alexander M. Woods has lately been threatened by Molly Maguires because of his hostility to their interests.

'49. J. P. Hughes, still starving youngsters and playing "Squeezers" at Bellefonte, Pa.

'72. George Wilson, Assistant U. S. District Attorney for Western District of Penna.

'72. Rev. D. M. Hazlett settled as a missionary at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, has been appointed Treasurer of the Brazil Mission.

'73. McCulloch, manufacturer of axe handles.

'73. H. W. Wilson, one of the auditors of Indiana, Pa.

'73. North, reading law with U. S. Senator McDonald of Indiana, at Indianapolis.

'73. E. Frank Garrett, one of the graduates at Jefferson Medical College. He carried off a prize of \$50, (the subject of his paper was Descriptive and Relative account of the Gravid Uterus.)

'73. Candor, Practicing Law at Williamsport, Pa.

'74. Jacobs, Graduates this Spring from the Albany Law School. He is commencement orator, a position gained only by competition. For some time he has been one of the editors of the Albany Law School Journal.